

HUNTING AHEAD OF ROOSEVELT IN EAST AFRICA



IT IS had enough to take chances with the ordinary elephants of an African herd, but to attempt to vanquish rogues with the odds against the man or men is quite another matter. But the first incident I am about to relate occurred when our hunting blood was up. Two days before my English companion had shot a big bull elephant, and had done a very neat job of it, and the very day before, while seeking traces of this particular rogue, we were divided. He had gone off to the south and I to the east. With me were two men, a Pigmy as a scout and an Azande as a bearer. We crossed a sharp ridge of basalt rocks and were pushing down through a dense thicket, when we came into a buffalo walk. To make easier progress we turned up it, seeking a more open place to cross. The Pigmy, armed only with his poi-

Rogue Elephants and Other Rogues

By Col. Etienne Bazin

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with two heavy charges for short range work.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

Momba, having eaten all that he desired, was enjoying himself stripping down big branches and uprooting small trees and bushes. The sound of his destructive sport echoed through the forest and it was very easy to locate him thereby, and by making a careful detour we crept up the wind toward him. He was in an oval glade about three acres in area and was at the far end. Between were two clumps of trees very close together. These were of medium size and the trunks were several feet apart. Making a dart across the open we reached the cover of the first clump unobserved, and it was very easy to make the sec-

ond's part, and argued so finely, taking my own experiences as his premises, that he had me convinced, and I believe that it made me more careful by a hundred per cent than I had ever been before. The following encounter, however, had a feature that was pure chance and I have noted many others that were filled with the same element.

One day in the gorilla country Col. Murchison and I, armed with the regulation Martini's criss-crossed a dense piece of hillside hunting for a particularly large and ferocious gorilla, or his mate, supposed to be there; in fact he had been seen twice in the previous two days. We came at last to a deep ravine, and it was impossible to cross it save where a tall

her arms crossed a very short distance from the cave mouth. I did not fire, as the Englishman might be very well within the target line, and I waited and watched her till she reached her home, disposed of the chattering, playful little one and passed on to a fruit tree close at hand and began eating the fruit. I waited till I had an open shot and then whistled, first to warn Murchison, who was of course no more than 20 degrees out of line of fire, and second because I knew the gorilla would face the sound. She responded, dropping to the ground and standing erect, showing her fangs with mouth open wide. I chose the opening as my target and fired.

COL. MURCHISON INJURED.

The gorilla sprang to the nearest bough with a cry of rage and astonishment, but imagine my feelings when I saw Murchison appear on the rocks just as I pulled trigger and come tumbling down directly before the cave mouth, as if I had shot him through the head. For an instant I was bewildered. I knew I had hit the gorilla. I knew I had not shot in Murchison's direction. I was dumbfounded. It must have been that the bullet had glanced and struck him, or he had been stricken with vertigo or something similar. There was little time in which to think. The female tore a heavy short bough from the tree and dropped to the ground just as her mate rushed from the cave. He did not see the prostrate man within a few feet of him. He only saw his mate advancing on him savagely, as he must have thought, and for whatever reason he was in a fashion almost human and, leaping on her, dealt her a terrific blow. She was bleeding profusely and it seemed to madden him, for he struck at her again and again.

This could not last long. One or both would be on poor Murchison in a minute. I fired at her back and fortunately struck the spine between the shoulders, and she fell paralyzed. Now the head of the family realized the source of the attack and advanced on me, beating his chest and voicing a frightful, hideous anger. I shot for his neck and saw the shock when a bullet struck, but he came on. I shot now for his heart, and the blood flew, but still I had not stopped him. He was within ten feet of me when I fired

worst was one in which I was merely a witness. I was a member of the party of a certain famous duke, who nearly lost his life a half-dozen times through his insistence in three gentlemen, or such a number as might be hunting together, firing in turn. It would be one man's first shot one day, his second the next and his third the following day, and so on. In front of a dangerous wild animal is no place for ceremony.

One day we were mounted and were following a black rhinoceros. It was my first shot, the second fell to a young man named Ridgeway, and the third to the duke. We came up with our quarry in a bit of wood and he set off at a wild gallop. I rode alongside and fired for the shoulder, but missed doing any great damage, though I whirled my horse in time to escape the charge that followed. Ridgeway and the duke were behind me and the duke held his fire with the big beast bearing down upon them. Ridgeway was mainly anxious to get a better shot than the game afforded coming at him. Lead down, and plunged off to one side. The rhinoceros drove horse and rider against a tree trunk with a frightful shock and buried his curved horn in the animal's body and tossed it aside as if it were a feather pillow. I was alongside again and pressing my elephant gun at the back of the great head I fired and the fight was over. The duke had a leg and two ribs broken, but I never needed to argue the point of when it was time to fire after that.



Killing a Forest Bull Buffalo

By MAJOR W. C. HARRIS

AT BREAK of day the hunters were in the saddle, and the lava block, which bounded the camp having been passed, a level tract was suddenly revealed, composed of hard clay, and destitute of a stone in any direction. Widespread acacia in full bloom, with their rich perfume, loaded the morning air to satiety.

and in long lines and clumps separated the outskirts into a succession of delightful glades of the most inviting aspect, which promised to team with wild beasts of every variety. Five of the principal Adiel attended in equestrian order, their slender waists begirt with the scantiest and dirtiest fragments of cloth, and their heads streaming with grease—a chosen band of Moslems from the retinue of Habi Mariani, being decked out in the flaunting spoils of lions and leopards which had fallen to their prowess. This motley group of wild riders set off at a furious pace across the flat, some scouring after every insignificant animal that was despatched, while others, truer woodcraftsmen, diligently scanned the ground over which they galloped.

Several ineffectual attempts had been made to decrease the number of the rabble train, and the disturbance created had the effect, like the tail of the rattlesnake, of warning all of the approach of enemies. Myriads of clamorous guinea fowl, whirling above the grove in every direction, spread the alarm far and wide; and the quarry, driven deeper and deeper into the dark recesses, finally took shelter in a sea of tangled bulrushes which skirted the borders of numerous rivulets of running water that pour their muddy tribute into the Casan.

During several hours this fruitless search, the strenuous and unrelenting exertions of the retinue were most unrelenting to prevent success; but a limited party on foot, with three of the governor's braves, were at length to lead the way into the covert. Here the east of a few hundred yards revealed the tracks of a buffalo, and

the trail was carried through thick groves of wild tamarisk, whose shady boughs, meeting overhead, formed natural bowers and arcades. The tumult had now ceased. While stealing in Indian file through vast fields of tall grass, and carefully avoiding any projecting twig, the fresh traces of the quarry frequently demonstrated that he was close at hand, and at length a measured splashing of water in the broad channel below gave notice of his actual presence.

ESCAPES INTO THICKET.

The leading Adiel cast a keen glance through the intervening screen of blue tamarisk, and, turning, pointed to both his eyes. From the bank of the river bank a noble buffalo was perceived rolling from side to side as it waded indolently across the stream, which reached above the girth, ever and anon whisking its tasseled tail to dislodge a host of persecuting flies. Its intention was evidently to land immediately below the ambush taken; and as less than fifty yards intervened each step advanced rendered the target more unfavorable. A two-ounce ball in the point of the shoulder, though it tumbled the unwieldy animal on its haunches, did not sufficiently paralyze its giant strength to bring it fairly down, and before another rifle could be obtained it had burst from the eddying water and plunged into the adjacent thicket.

No trace of blood rewarded the strictest scrutiny, and, after a few minutes' deliberation, the attendants pronounced the animal unscathed; but finding the party positive as to the spot in which the bullet had taken effect, and firmly resolved not to abandon the quest, several able casts were made among the tall flags that waved over the rivulet. Fifteen minutes passed on without a whisper; then a low whistle from the thicket proclaimed the success of one of the natives. He had recovered the wounded beast, recumbent in the darkest recesses of the tamarisk grove, its red eyes gleaming through the gloom, saliva streaming in bell-ropes from the mouth, and the breathing hard and husky. A faint charge succeeded; but its strength was on the wane, and as it stumbled across a prostrate bough its demolition was completed.

Singular pleasure could not but attend the conquest of this noble beast, standing 19 hands at the wither. In spite of every existing disadvantage, the avowed object of the toilsome journey to the hot plains of the Adiel had now been accomplished, to the delight and amazement of all; whereas, to have returned to the king without a trophy, after his majesty's sage remarks upon the subject of buffalo hunting, would, in the eyes of everyone, have proved a blot on the escutcheon of the hitherto triumphant Egyptian.

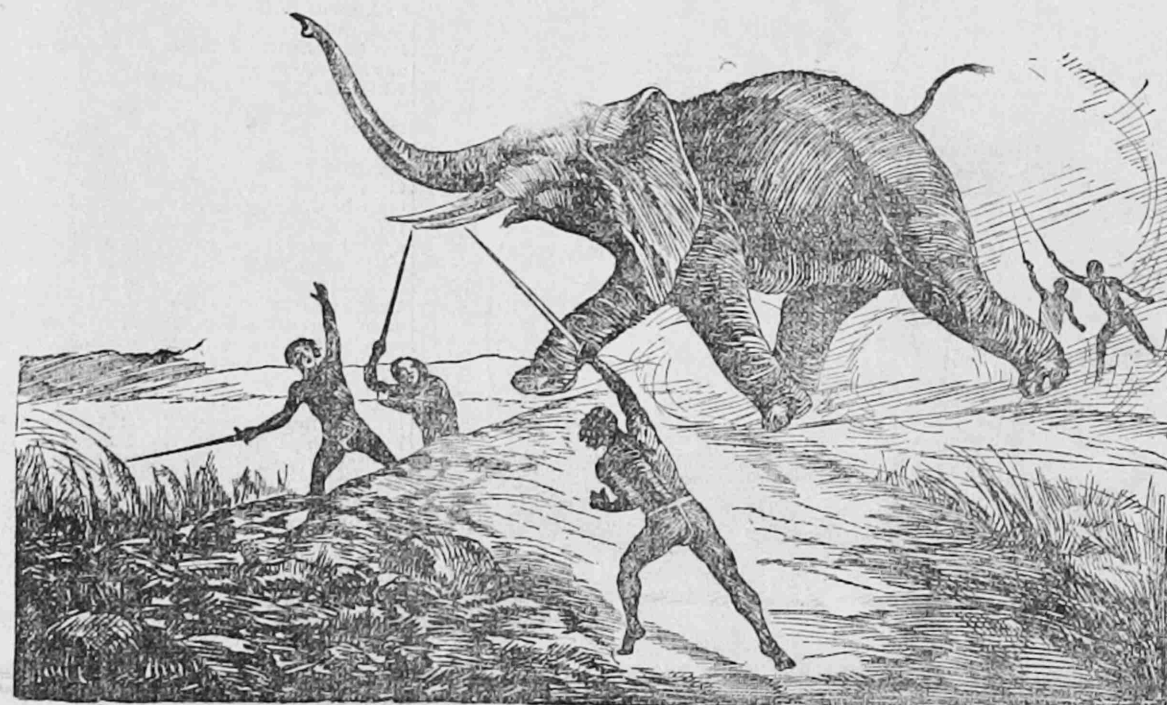
DO HOMAGE TO HUNTER.

No sooner had the unwieldy brute fallen into its last struggles than Adam, the chief of the braves, having severed the windpipe with true Mohammedan skill, advanced at the head of his band and, falling prostrate on the ground, returned thanks at the feet of the victor. Shields full of water to allay thirst were next brought from the river. Every crease was drawn and the solid hide, after being removed with all expedition, was, for the convenience of carriage, divided into six portions, suited for bucklers. Repeated blows from a heavy stone detached the great crescent horns from the beetling brow, and these, with the ears, hoofs and tufted tail, were borne off as trophies to be laid at the royal footstool. Elated at the conquest in a few minutes of a formidable and much dreaded beast, whose destruction by these rude people—a feat sometimes occupying many days—is esteemed equivalent to the slaughter of eight pagans in battle, the excited savages were presently retracing their steps through the intricacies of the wilderness. Flourishing the spoils aloft in earnest of victory, they alternately whistled and chanted their wildest war dirge, and the deep chorus raised at intervals made the recesses of the grove to ring again.

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Her—Why on earth do they call him the paying teller?
Him—Because that's his job.
Her—But it isn't. I asked him how much you had in the bank, and please to give it to me, and he wouldn't tell and he wouldn't pay.

Japan's Paper Industry.
Japan in 1900 made 260,000,000 pounds of paper and imported 45,000,000 pounds, a consumption of 305,000,000 pounds, or 6.3 pounds per capita of the population.



MOMBA CHARGES MY SERVANT TOM.

soned arrows, was well in advance. Suddenly he gave a little cry of terror. Out of the deep shadows of a harper's tree an old bull buffalo charged him and bowled him into the nearest thorn bush, then came on after us. The bull had waited deliberately to meet us. The Azande dropped both guns and fled. I caught the express and fired point-blank at the bull's head, but had the misfortune to strike the dense front of horn which protects his head so well. My leap sideways was all that saved me. He swung as quick as a cat and his horns came crashing into the lower network of vines into which I had leaped and he began tearing them down. The havoc he wrought with his horns was nothing short of marvelous. I really believe he would have gotten me down and finished me had he not caught sight of the second gun, which lay where the Azande had dropped it. In an instant he had pounced on it and I watched him pursuing the work of ruining it.

He smashed the stock and actually bent the barrel by practically plunging on it head-first. So intent was he that I was able to swing on the vine over to where the express lay, jam home a cartridge and shatter his spine as he turned to charge me.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT.

This left me rather poorly equipped for the encounter which befell me the next day and which I shall always regard as one of the memorable events in my life in the hunting field. For a week we had been seeking an old fellow, called by the natives Momba, on account of the spotted color of his hide, due to some past skin disease that may have been the cause of his being driven from the herd originally. Though I have never known of a specific case, there is a story current among elephant hunters and natives that there are two or three diseases of a contagious nature that are peculiar to elephants, and when any member of a herd is attacked he or she is forthwith shunned by all other elephants. Three local chiefs had been sought me to put an end to Momba if he could be found, as he had killed many tribesmen, was very fond of charging herds of cattle, and on more than one occasion had totally destroyed a whole village. They no longer thought of opposing spears to him, or such firearms as were in existence among them.

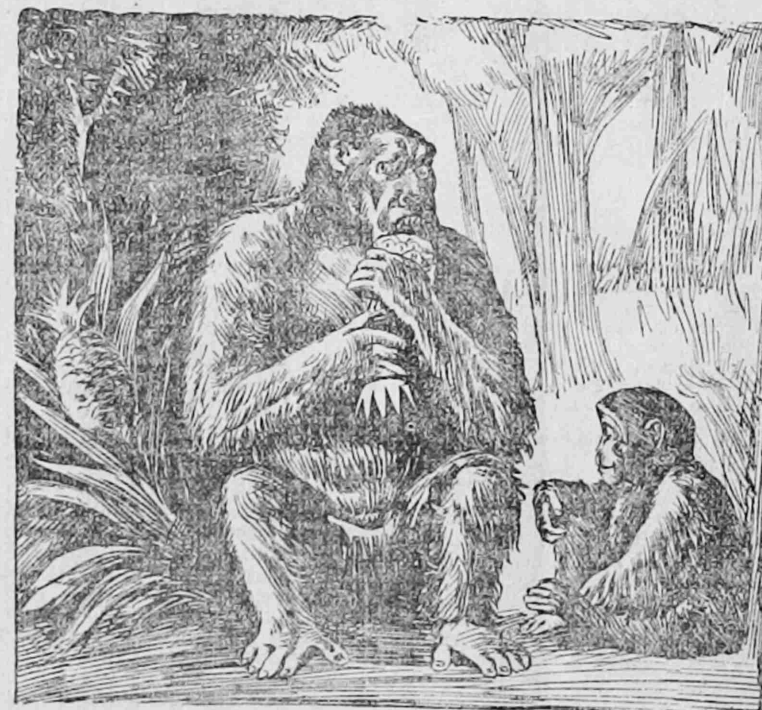
The morning after my encounter with the buffalo, several blacks came running to camp in great excitement to say that Momba was grazing in the forest near by. I took my boy Tom, who was still lame from a brain fever I should not have done so, but he was the only trusty bearer among my men at that time, and that appeared to be a rather delicate task in which there must be no unnecessary chances taken, particularly as I had only the express rifle and my double-barreled fowling piece, which I carefully loaded

and, about forty feet distant. Making through to the other side, I was in position for my shot, but just as I was settling to it, the distance being a good forty yards, he ambled into the dense cover beyond and, after a moment, came back again, head on. For an instant he stood in the open, head on, a magnificent sight. He was fully twelve to thirteen feet tall, with magnificent tusks, and the curious grayish patches on his hide of which I have spoken. Suddenly his sharp little eyes caught a glimpse of some movement (on Tom's part it must have been) and with a shrill trumpet he charged the clump of trees like a mad steam engine running down hill. I fired steadily and surely, but though I struck him fairly it did not stop him and he was on us before I could take the double-barreled gun and use it. I had taken my chance and lost, and now we must make the best of it. I leaped back among the trees, as did Tom. He tried to give me the gun, but Momba came crashing into the clump and forcing his way as if they were reeds, and we made haste for the next one, trusting to his being momentarily blinded by the shock of his impact against the trunks. He was not in the least, for, trumpeting again, he was hard after us. Poor Tom, his lameness was a fatal handicap. The great trunk reached him as he fell behind and Momba caught him and hurled him 30 feet in the air. The boy's shrieks of terror were dreadful to hear. The gun came pitching and over end toward me and I whirled and caught it. What I then did was not an act of courage, or even of desperation. Momba's eyes were on Tom's figure sprawling in the air and, thrusting the gun up toward his ear, I pulled both barrels, and the recoiling butt struck me in the forehead, and that was all I remembered until I felt something tugging at me and opened my eyes to see the terrified faces of my own men. Wiping the blood from my eyes, I sat up. Nearly lay poor Tom, motionless, but I could see he was breathing and had not been trampled on by Momba nor kneaded with those mighty tusks.

"Where is the elephant?" I demanded. The chief bearer pointed behind me and I looked. There at the other end of the clearing the huge shape lay inert and the mere fact that my men were there at all told me that he was quite dead. I got to my feet and went to Tom's side. The unfortunate black boy was unconscious. The beast had hurt him badly. For weeks there were grave doubts of his recovery, but he came around at last, though he was never fit for anything again. This is the first, last and only time I have ever gone hunting rogue elephants armed with a fowling piece. I examined the wound that had lain Momba low and found that the heavy double-barreled charge had blown a great hole in the side of his head which would have killed him or any other elephant.

Capt. Speke once said to me that he deemed every hunter's narrow escapes due to some carelessness on the hunt-

eucalytus-like tree had fallen across it and made a natural bridge. We were about to use it when Murchison called my attention to the obvious signs that gorillas had been using it coming to and fro. By careful inspection we decided that at the other end was the lair of the wild pair. The tracks diverged at our end and did not at the



THE FEMALE GORILLA AND HER YOUNG.

other. Not knowing how near the beasts might be, Murchison covered me while I crossed and he then followed. We proceeded with extraordinary care, as the growth was frightfully dense and any moment might find us facing our quarry, with only the light military rifles in hand. A gorilla does not pay the slightest heed to a high velocity, small caliber bullet, even through the heart at times.

THE GORILLA'S LAIR.

After half an hour's careful work I was satisfied that the gorilla lair was in a large cavity formed by two large rocks, one against the other, and closed at the rear end by a dirt slide. This was about sixty feet away in a little hollow, and the smaller limbs of the trees about were bent down and broken in such a manner that only gorillas could have done it. For some little time we waited for some sign, but as none came and the place was too narrow for us to walk well side by side, Murchison proposed that he detour across the hollow and gain the top of the rock fragments while I watched the cave mouth, and once he had gained this vantage point that I follow him. From that point we could see all approaches in case M. and Mine. Gorilla were not at home, and if they were we could get both from two very fine shooting stations. Murchison left me and had been gone not more than five minutes when I caught sight of the female with a young gorilla in

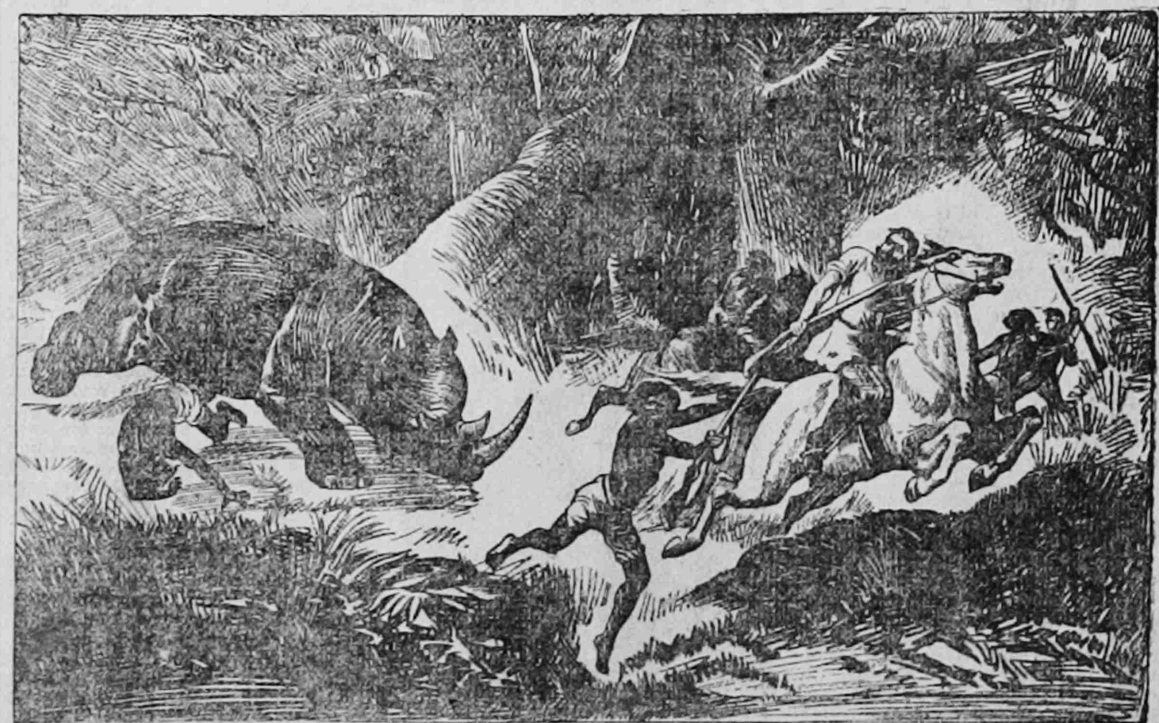
the third time, and I never fired more deliberately in all my life, another shot for the throat, knowing that it was life or death in that one shot for both Murchison and myself. I literally blew his head back off his shoulders and he sank in a writhing heap. For a moment I stood still and watched the baby screaming and tugging at its dying mother's hands, and I felt strangely like a murderer.

As I passed the male he made one final lunge at me, but I did not even waste a shot at him, as his eyes showed the approach of death. He had three wounds, any one of which would have killed a man. I ended the mother's suffering and would have tried to capture the young one had it not fled inconspicuously as I hurried on to Murchison. He was just coming around. The blood was running from a small crease behind his right ear. It had been a glancing bullet and had come within a half an inch of taking his life.

I examined the female's head very closely and found that my first shot had entered the mouth, struck the bones and muscles of the left jaw and sped on through the neck and struck Murchison. This is by all odds the most remarkable piece of chance that I have encountered in hunting.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE DUKE.

Mishaps resulting from ignorance are many in my forest log, but the



RHINOCEROS CHARGES ON THE DUKE.